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Spirit of the Magazines.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for August.

To a Wounded Ptarmigan.

BY DELTA.

I.

Haunter of the herbless peak,
Habitant 'twixt earth and sky,
Snow white bird of bloodless beak,
Rushing wing and rapid eye,
Hath the Fowler's fatal aim
Of thy freeborn rights bereft thee,
And, 'mid natures curb'd or tame,
Thus encaged, a captive left thee?—
Thou who, Earth's low valleys scorning,
From thy cloud embattled nest,
Wont to catch the earliest morning
Sunbeam on thy breast!

II.

Where did first the light of day
See thee bursting from thy shell?
Was it where Ben Nevis grey
Towers aloft o'er flood and fell?
Or where down upon the storm
[illegible] shepherds gaze in wonder,
Round thy rocky sides, Cairngorm,
Rolling with its clouds and thunder?
Or with summit heaven directed,
Where Benvoirlich views in pride,
All his [illegible] groves reflected
In Loch Katrine's tide?

III.

Boots it not—but this we know,
That a wild free life was thine,
Whether on the peak of snow,
Or amid the clumps of pine;
Now on high begirt with heath,
Now, decoy'd by cloudless weather,
To the golden broom beneath,
Happy with thy mates together;
Yours were every cliff and cranny
Of your birth's majestic hill;
Tameless flock! and ye were many,
Ere the spoiler came to kill!

IV.

Gazing, wistful bird, at thee,
Thou dost bring the wandering mind
Visions of the Polar Sea—
Where, impell'd by wave and wind,
Drift the icebergs to and fro,
Crashing oft in fierce commotion,
While the snorting whale below,
In its anger lashes ocean;—
Naked fireless shores, where howling
Tempests vex the brumal air,
And the famished wolf runs prowling
[illegible] bear.

V.

And far north the daylight dies—
And the twinkling stars alone
Glitter thro' the icy skies,
Down from mid Day's ghastly throne;—
And the moon is in her cave;—
And no living sound intruding,
Save the howling wind and wave,
'Mid that darkness ever brooding,
Mote as 'twere in anger blotted
From creation's wistful sight,
And time's progress only noted
By the northern light.

VI.

Sure 'tis as sweet for thee, in spring,
Nature's earliest green to hail,
As the cuckoo's slumbrous wing
[illegible] among the sunny vale;
As the laverock from the brake
Hymn'd the Morning Star serenely,
And the wild swan o'er the lake
[illegible] mirror'd it queenly;
Brightest watch?—the cascade where thee
Deepening to its summer bar,
Or the boundless moors before thee
With their bells of [illegible]!

VII.

Then from larchen grove to grove,
And from wild flower glen to glen,
Thine it was in bliss to rove,
High o'er hills, and far from men.
[illegible] not a sound
Heard except the torrents booming,
Nought beheld for leagues around
Save the heath in purple blooming;
[illegible] startled! From their stealing
On the hazel girded mount,
'Tis the doe and fawn down stealing
To the silvery fount.

VIII.

Sweet to fill the summer hours—
But now sweeter far to thee,
Sitting in thy home [illegible],
High overhead [illegible] soundless [illegible]
Or in summer by July heat,
Steep'd the hill tops in vermilion,
Or the sunset made the west,
Even like Glory's own pavilion;
While were fix'd those ardent eyes on
Realms outspread in blooming mirth,
Bounded but by the horizon
Belting Heaven to Earth.

IX.

But the Genius of the place,
Which of living things but you
Had for long beheld the trace,
That unhallow'd visit rue?
Did the gather'd snow of years
Which begirt that mountain's forehead,
Thawing, fall as 'twere in tears
O'er that natural outrage horrid?
Did the lady fern hang drooping,
And the quivering pine trees sigh,
As [illegible] his game dogs whooping,
Pass'd the spoiler by?

X.

None may know—the dream is o'er—
Bliss and beauty cannot last;
To that heart, for evermore,
Ye are creatures of the past!
And [illegible] it mourns in vain,
While the dirgeful night breeze only
Sings and falls the fitful rain,
'Mid your homes forlorn and lonely.
Ye have pass'd—the bonds enthral you
Of captivity and [illegible] death;
Never more shall spring recall you
To the scented heath!

XI.

Such their fate—but unto thee,
[illegible] protracted breath,
Hopeless dreary captivity—
Life which in itself is death.
Yet alike the fate of him
Who, when all his views are thwarted,
Finds earth but a desert dim,
Relatives and race departed;
Sees are Fancy's realms Elysian
Peopled by the brood of care,
And [illegible] hope's gilded vision
Passed into air.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine, for August.

Mary Scott.

A STORY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By the Author of "Tales of the Southern Counties."

It was autumn—toward the end of October, in the year 158?, or thereabouts, for it is well to be exact in one's chronology—the day had been misty and dull, rather than actually stormy, but the sun had broken out at intervals, and as it drew nearer to the hour of his setting, his beams seemed to grow brighter in proportion. The rich Flemish landscape which those rays lighted up, was exactly such as Wouvermans has often delighted to paint; the level blue distance was varied with the steeples of churches and convents, which (lit up and gilded here and there by the evening sun) helped to break the monotony of those rich plains. All was not still, however; for the trees, in the middle of the picture, were mixed with wreaths of curling blue smoke that floated on the heavy atmosphere, and irregular discharges of musketry were heard, at intervals, in the same direction.

In the foreground, too, stood the white charger, whose presence is *de rigeur* in such a scene, among a group of cavalry on the outskirts of the Spanish camp, whose forces were at that time occupying the Low Countries, under the command of the Duke of Parma. The horseman was no less important a personage than Colonel the Baron Von Blitzendorf, an old German officer, who had assembled a band of mercenaries from almost every country in Europe, with whom he had fought his way in the numerous wars which had so long agitated the Continent, and at last engaged under the banners of Philip of Spain. We need not stop to inquire if they were not, probably, less scrupulous as to the prince, or justice of the cause to which they lent their temporary aid, than as to the chances of meeting with what they considered their due allowance of pay, plunder, or consideration; but it must not be inferred that discipline was permitted to be lax in such a regiment: on the contrary, the worthy baron was a martinet of the first water.

There was no mistaking the sort of man, from his outward equipment. About the time we are describing, it had become customary to dispense with the more cumbrous parts of a suit of armor, to the no small dissatisfaction of the baron, who was one of those who think it a matter of conscience not to alter or abandon (even for good reasons) whatever they have been accustomed to in their youth. A cuirass, however, was still worn over the leather doublet, and enormous jack boots, armed with an awful pair of spurs, whose pointed rowels were full two inches in diameter, encased his lower extremities. After the Spanish fashion, his hard weather-beaten features were shaded by a broad hat and drooping feather, but the excessive length of his two-handed sword must by no means be forgotten, for its elaborately worked iron hilt would have made the fortune of an artist or curiosity hunter in the present day.

The baron fidgeted in his saddle, and twisted his grisly moustache impatiently, as he looked out in the direction whither he had despatched a small party of troopers to retake an outpost from the insurgents. Several skirmishes had taken place since they had been detached on that service in the morning, and the occasional rattle of fire-arms, heard in divers quarters during the day, had kept the worthy baron in a constant state of nervous eagerness; especially as at that time glasses were unthought of, and even if they had been in use, one may ride for two or three days together in the fertile plains of the Low Countries, without finding a single rising knoll of ground, to command a view of what may be going on within, perhaps, half a mile distance, or even less.

It was not very long, however, before the party were both seen and heard advancing at a grave, leisurely trot along the chaussee, some clattering over the stones, and others floundering in the deep sandy tracks on each side, between the trunks of the elms and black poplars, which bordered the road toward Ghent.

The officer in command rode up with the usual salutation to the old colonel, who sat with stiff and mathematical precision on his white horse, and received the report of the successful expedition without moving a muscle of his countenance till the exact detail of circumstances was finished.

"Good," ejaculated the baron; "so the post is once more in our hands, and you say you have lost but three men? Good again! and you have left fifteen with the lieutenant in the old farm-house."

"Exactly so."

"Then how is it," continued the baron, scanning with his eye the troopers who waited to be dismissed to their quarters—"how is it that you have now twenty-three men instead of twenty-two? Take eighteen from forty, there should remain but twenty-two."

"True," returned the officer, biting his lip, "but the fact is, after we had set out, I found that there was one man beyond my number, who had joined the party without orders."

"Without orders, sir!" and Von Blitzendorf's form and features seemed to grow more rigid than ever as he spoke,—"how dare you allow of such a thing; and why is he not reported for punishment?"

"Why—in the action to-day he distinguished himself so as to deserve praise as much as blame. Albrecht, one of my best men, was in our front rank when we took the old tower, the muzzle of an enemy's musket was close against his breast, when the young Englishman pushed by, struck up the weapon, and cut down the man, in less time than you could give the word of command."

"So—it was your English recruit, who seems ever ready to volunteer his life where he is not wanted. Call him out of the ranks."

The young man, or rather boy, for the stripling who now stepped forward was apparently little more than seventeen or eighteen, had the usual fair complexion and blue eyes of the English peasantry, and his light hair curled in abundance round his smooth face, which was tinted with a little more red than usual, at being brought into notice, though the reckless independent glance told of wilfulness, combined with the bravery he was known to possess.

In answer to the questions put to him, he gave his name as Harry Scott; but no reply could be obtained as to his motives for pressing forward into a service of danger, which many of his elders would willingly have avoided. The retaking of the post in question was of no inconsiderable importance, for it commanded the passage of the canal which led toward Ghent, and enabled those who held it to cut off the supply of provisions from all the towns between that city and Antwerp. It appeared, moreover, that the retaking this post was owing, in no small degree, to the dashing and reckless bravery of the young English recruit, who had been but a few months in the service.

The Baron Van Blitzendorf was, by no means, the man to overlook a breach of discipline, and he began, with some asperity, to deliver a long-winded harangue on the benefits to an army which a strict attention to discipline ensured; and having disposed of this idea, he proceeded to show, on the other hand, how neglect of military obedience caused innumerable evils, notwithstanding any individual bravery which might be shown. The worthy baron was one of those who love to hear themselves talk, and his discourse had already reached a most unreasonable length, when, in the midst of a somewhat intricate sentence, a hand was quietly laid on his knee, as he sat on his horse, and a voice cut short his oration by saying,

"Your discourse is wise and soldier like, baron, but I think these men would thank you to abridge your advice a little, seeing they must be somewhat fatigued with their morning's work."

Von Blitzendorf started, coloring a little with anger at this unceremonious interruption, as he turned to see who the intruder might be. He was a cavalier, still apparently under the meridian of life, wrapped in a plain dark cloak, which was evidently adopted for the purpose of remaining incog. as the wearer had that air and manner which is so generally natural to persons of high birth, and so difficult of imitation to those who have not had that advantage.

The group of officers fell back and uncovered at the sound of the voice, and a glance at the figure of the new comer; for it was in fact no other than Duke Alexander of Parma, governor of the Netherlands, who had chosen this mode of personally ascertaining the state of discipline and efficiency of his army, by seeking out Von Blitzendorf to learn the result of the morning's expedition.

As the duke, however, had only overheard the latter part of the edifying discourse of the German veteran, some explanation was necessary, and the details which were accordingly communicated were as follows:—

It appeared that the English recruit, Harry Scott, had enlisted under the Spanish banner in the early part of the summer, and, like most of his countrymen, quickly learnt to dress a horse, ride, and go through the exercises of the manege; being active, intelligent, and punctual in his duty, he had also acquired the esteem of the officers. A friendship had sprung up between him and Albrecht, his comrade, one of the bravest young troopers under the German baron's command, and every time the latter was called on service, Scott always contrived to be next his friend in the ranks, and more than once, in battles and skirmishes, succeeded in saving his life at the risk of his own. On this occasion, it appeared that Albrecht having been sent with the picquet on a particularly dangerous and important duty, the young Englishman had joined them without orders; true, he had once more saved his comrade's life, and behaved with brilliant intrepidity; "but," continued the baron, "such an example of disregard of discipline is what I cannot allow in mine own regiment, and the less, as your highness knows well, that whatever use our poor services may be of to the Spanish cause, dependeth mainly upon our adhering to the rules and discipline of the noble science of war, and there by keeping up our superiority over the heretical rabble opposed to us."

The Duke of Parma, however, had been scanning with his eye these modern Pylades and Orestes, instead of paying attention to the conclusion of Von Blitzendorf's oration, though it was what the latter peculiarly prided himself upon, and would have felt his vanity seriously hurt if he had noticed this neglect; but fortunately for those who, like our good baron, are addicted to what the thoughtless world calls prosiness, their own organs of self-esteem and admiration frequently make up for the lack of such observances from others, and prevent the possibility of their discourse ever seeming tedious from occurring to their own minds. Alexander of Parma, who had been personally engaged in the celebrated battle of Lepanto, when only eighteen, was too brave himself not to be an admirer of bravery in others; and the account of the valor and friendship of these two young soldiers seemed to strike and to interest him considerably, and the more, as the romances of chivalry, in which he had read of such matters, related such sentiments only of knights and princes, so that their manifestation in men of low birth excited some surprise and curiosity. It was not, therefore, difficult for the captain of their troop to obtain a pardon from the duke, who readily granted it, and ordered the young English hero to attend him next morning, as he wished to learn more of his previous history.

Von Blitzendorf remained silent, but he screwed up his face into a grim look of dissatisfaction, as he watched the departure of Alexander Farnese, whose indulgence seemed to him highly improper, especially being granted without the baron's own intercession.

It was late in the evening when Albrecht came to the tent in which he and his comrade slept, having first littered down and fed their horses, and supped by the light of the watchfires; but instead of finding his friend asleep, as he expected from his having left the circle of troopers some time before, Scott was seated at the entrance, in a musing posture, with his head resting on one hand.

"How now, comrade, not asleep yet?" was Albrecht's salutation to the other, whose cheek was a little pale; and as the rays of the moon fell directly upon the boy's light hair and smooth forehead, it struck him that there was something unusual in his looks. "Why, what made thee leave our fire so soon?" continued the trooper; "what now is the matter? Art sick, or in love—which is it, Harry?"

As he spoke, he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, who rather peevishly, as it seemed, avoided his touch, but in so doing Albrecht's eye caught a few stains on the front of his leather doublet, which was half unbuttoned at the neck. "How!—wounded to-day at my side, and I noticed it not before? Why didst not speak of it sooner?" and he bent down to examine the spot, but, as he laid his hand on the open collar, the stripling pushed his comrade rudely away in return for his kindly meant services, and exclaimed, "Nonsense, Albrecht; it's a mere scratch, and nothing more; it has done bleeding now, and I feel nothing of it. A man never minds such a trifle."

The trooper was inclined to ascertain whether this was only the desire of a boy to make light of a wound, but found his companion so petulant that he desisted. "Sapperment! you would seem to have trod on the black hound's tail to-day, by your sulkiness. I only meant to be civil and friendly, but if you are not hurt, why then all's well, and no need to say more about the matter."

And without troubling his head farther, Albrecht rolled himself up in his cloak, and was soon fast asleep in one corner of the tent.

But the other seemed to have something on his mind which prevented his following that example. An hour or two passed away, and all was still in the camp, except the measured tread of the sentinel at his post; but the English recruit was still gazing at the bright moon, whose rays fell on the numerous tents round him, and a tear now and then trickled down his cheek, but was quickly brushed away again. At length he turned into the shelter of the canvass, and fatigue compelled him to throw himself down at a little distance from his friend, when a heavy sleep, the consequence of their exertions in the day's expedition, fell upon him till after the watch had been changed.

Albrecht was the first to wake; and as he stood and watched his still sleeping companion, he hesitated to rouse him, on observing the pale and restless look of the boy. Suddenly it struck him that the wound in his neck must have been much more serious than he supposed, and that it had been concealed from foolish bravado; and determined to ascertain the truth, he stooped down and opened the front of the youth's doublet, where the stain of blood appeared. The wound was, indeed, nothing of any consequence; but a sudden exclamation of astonishment, which he could not repress, broke from him the next instant, causing the boy to start up suddenly, and, perceiving what Albrecht had done, blushed deeper than crimson.

The two friends looked at each other for some moments without speaking, till the trooper burst into a fit of laughing at the embarrassment caused by his unexpected discovery that his comrade belonged to the softer sex! "Der teufel!" he at last exclaimed; "and I had suspected nothing of this for the two months we have been quartered together till this moment!"

His companion half smiled through her blushes, as she replied, "Nor should you have known it now, Albrecht, with my consent; but since I can no longer conceal it, I must explain what cannot but seem so strange to you."

"Strange indeed!" muttered he; "how could I be so blind?"

And seizing her by the hand, he snatched a kiss, but the next instant she broke from him, and caught up her sword, which lay near them on the ground.

"Hands off, comrade—no liberties with me! There!—how like fools you men do look, if a girl shows a spark or two of spirit!" added she, laughing, as the soldier's countenance certainly showed marks of amazement at her behaviour. "Seriously though, Albrecht, let us understand one another. We have fought side by side, and you have treated me like a brother. Well, let it be so still; we can esteem each other as before; but now, remember, I have, I hope, gained your respect and friendship as a man, surely you would not wish me to do any thing to forfeit it as a woman? No; never will I become as one of those outcasts of my own sex that follow in the train of the camp."

Mary Scott, for we must now call her by her real name, had by this time recovered her self-possession, and was able to be amused at the awkward way in which her friend began to excuse himself, when he became convinced of her being in earnest.

Peace was soon made between them; but Mary had no time to explain to him the history of her previous life, for the hour of morning parade arrived, and their colonel informed them he had orders to conduct both of them to the tent of the Duke of Parma.

The levee which the governor of the Netherlands held in his tent was beginning to break up when the Baron Von Blitzendorf presented himself at the entrance, followed by the trooper Albrecht and our heroine, (as she must now be called, since, the secret of her sex is no longer one to the reader.) Mixed with the crowd of military officers were several ecclesiastics, who kept an eye to the rich church preferments of Flanders, which seemed now likely to remain under the dominion of Philip of Spain; for in the year or two which he passed since Alexander Farnese had held the reins of the government, his military talents had done much to relieve the losses which the Spaniards had previously sustained; in fact, almost the whole of the country south of Antwerp was already recovered from the republican party. Mary began to be a little put out of countenance, and Albrecht somewhat angry, at the looks of curiosity and questions they had to encounter from the loungers, both lay and clerical, surprised at the unusual summons of two private troopers to the presence of the prince, during the interval of their waiting, whilst Von Blitzendorf preceded them to report their arrival, when he opportunely made his reappearance, and beckoned them into the interior of the canvass abode of the Spanish governor.

The duke ran his eye over them as they entered, and seemed well pleased with their soldierlike appearance. Both were decidedly good-looking. Albrecht had, of course, the advantage of stature, and, if there had not been a little too much German heaviness about the eye, an artist might have been pleased to obtain so well-formed and muscular a young fellow for a model. His companion had, as we before noticed, fair curling hair, and particularly intelligent blue eyes; in fact, there was a careless and almost saucy independence in their glance, which suited well enough with her assumed sex, though she naturally felt a little abashed at the station and rank of her interrogator, and at the confession which would probably be drawn from her. But if she had any hopes or intentions of still concealing herself, they were doomed to be quickly frustrated, for Albrecht was too full of his new and surprising discovery to avoid letting out their secret in the first questions and answers which passed.

The Duke of Parma stared, then laughed, and declared it was like a page taken from the romance of Amadis de Gaul; while poor Mary whose flushed cheeks and agitated bosom bore witness to its truth, acknowledged her disguise, but indignantly repelled any impeachment of her virtue; which last fact Albrecht confirmed by his testimony. Still more surprised, and perhaps a little incredulous, the duke ordered her to relate the whole of her previous history, which we give as nearly as possible in her own words.

"Your highness must know that I am the daughter of the captain of a little vessel which trades along the English coast, who had taken, for no reason that I ever knew, a dislike to his wife, my poor mother. Although she suffered much unhappiness, yet she was too meek and gentle ever to remonstrate with him for his ill usage. Among other bad treatment, he unjustly suspected her of being unfaithful to him, and took the first opportunity of deserting her, and refused to acknowledge me as his child when born. As my mother was left friendless, and with her character blighted, she determined to leave the place of my birth, (Bristol,) and to travel northward with me and my elder brother to join her parents in Yorkshire. In the course of this long and difficult journey, for such it was to her, the boy died, and as I was only one year younger, my mother dressed me in his clothing, and presented me as a boy to her relations, for her husband's cruel and false reports against her fair fame gave her the idea of concealing the real time of my birth. But her health and spirits were broken down; she never held up her head again; and when eight or nine years of age I lost her; on her deathbed she charged me to keep up the disguise, and warned me against the selfishness of men."

"And how then came your friend here to know of your masquerade?" asked the duke with a smile.

"By the mass, *I* knew nothing till this morning," interrupted Albrecht: "and if it had not been for an accident, I had still known nothing but that she was a man."

"I next entered into the service of a French lady, as her page," continued Mary, "and a kind and good mistress she was while she lived; but soon after her death I left England, because"—and here she cast down her eyes and smiled—"because—I had a mind to see a little more of the world."

"So—this is a strange tale of yours," again said the duke; "but was that your only reason for leaving the country? I see by your face there was something else—come, speak out, and let us know it."

"Why, the truth is," resumed Mary, "there might be another cause. I was not the only servant of my mistress; she had also a waiting-maid, rather a pert, forward girl, and I was for a long time puzzled at her behaviour; she was always getting herself in my way, and smiling or sighing at me. Afterward I discovered her aim, and amused myself with drawing her on till our mistress noticed it, and rebuked me for my conduct. But at last her attentions became tiresome, and I was pestered with her excessive jealousy if every girl I chanced to speak to. In order to avoid her importunities, and being very desirous of seeing something of a soldier's life, I came over to Flanders with the resolution of enlisting. And thus it has happened that I am in the service of the king of Spain, under your highness, and I crave your pardon for my poor story."

The duke was highly amused at her intrigue with the waiting-maid, and even Von Blitzendorf relaxed his features to a grin. After some farther questioning, the former asked her what she intended to do, as she could not continue to serve, now her sex was known.

"It appeareth to me, most excellent prince and commander," observed Von Blitzendorf, "that this young woman or maiden having voluntarily chosen the garments of our sex, and engaged in the service of his Catholic Majesty the king of Spain, is bound to continue in the same; at least till the end of the war. For the usages of honorable men are, that such a contract should be fulfilled; and there seems no reason why the girl should not serve hereafter as well as before, being young, stout, and able of body."

The duke, however, did not exactly agree in that opinion, to the apparent relief of Albrecht, who stood looking from one to the other alternately with a puzzled uncomfortable look, and it was decided subsequently that Mary should have her discharge.

It was the custom, as the reader may perhaps know, in the olden times of warfare, when affairs were conducted with mathematical precision, according to precedent, to suspend all hostilities at the approach of winter, and retire into some fortified place for three or four months; when the interval was frequently found useful in affording rest for men and horses, and opportunities were given for negotiations, or else for preparations for renewing the war, on either side. And this appears to be the most probable reason why treaties of peace were usually signed in the early spring in those times, (notwithstanding that the fact is attributed by historians to various other causes, and by astronomers, in particular, to the influence of sundry signs of the zodiac.) In compliance with the established rule, the Duke of Parma, very soon after the event we have narrated, removed his camp to the city of Tournay, where they were fairly established in comfortable winter quarters.

The cathedral of Notre Dame in that city stands, as is well known to travellers in the Low Countries, within a very short distance of the ancient and comfortable hostel of the Singe d'Or, which is constantly echoing back the frequent sound of the bells that may be heard at all hours of the day from its curious lofty belfries, whose shape, as seen from a little distance, reminds one, in no small degree, of pepper-castors, pigeon houses, or, to use a more elegant simile, the turrets of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Place.

One fine December morning there was bustling and tumult in that said hostel, and the bells rang more merrily than ever out of their old-fashioned pepper-boxes, while many were the laughing faces and curious townspeople that assembled in the porch of Notre Dame, to have a peep at the wedding party who were escorted to the church by most of the officers in the garrison. And, certainly, the announcement of a marriage between two troopers of Von Blitzendorf's regiment was a sufficiently strange event to account for the number and merriment of the party. Mary had, of course, assumed the proper garment of a bride; but though she certainly appeared very pretty in them, we must own that her masculine education made her feel and move rather awkwardly in petticoats at first, but let us hope she becomes soon better reconciled to the feminine garb. A subscription was entered into by the officers, and the new-married pair were duly installed as host and hostess of the Singe d'Or; nor must we omit to record, as a matter of history, that the Baron Von Blitzendorf graciously condescended to lead off the dance with the bride that evening, and used his best efforts to make the bridegroom dead drunk; but whether Albrecht saw through the plot, or that his head was made of an impenetrable material, that practical joke recoiled upon the redoubtable Baron himself, who was safely deposited under the table at an early period of the festivities.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine, for August.

The Mother's Song.

To the beautiful old Air "Lullaby."

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Sleep, my cherub boy! thy slumbers
Come as holy angels shall [illegible],
[illegible] earth thy spirit [illegible],
All is peace with thee,
Baby blest, softly rest,
Clasped to thy mother's breast.—
While she sings thy lullaby.

Gone has my own fond mother
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Baby blest, softly rest.

O how wildly fancy [illegible]
While he slumbers song beguiled,
In this world of many changes,
What will be thy lot, my child?
Baby blest, softly rest.

Should'st thou live, my rose of beauty,
Spared by grace to manhood's years,
[illegible]
May require a mother's tears.
Baby blest, softly rest.

Ah! I may not [illegible] the cottage,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Baby blest, softly rest.

See he wakes—a smile discloses
Recollection's dawning day.
How my tears have wet those roses,
Love shall kiss them all away.
Baby blest, softly rest.

From the Monthly Magazine, for August.

The Passage of the Ice.

The enterprising character of Charles Gustavus the Tenth, who succeeded to the Swedish throne on the resignation of that extraordinary person, Queen Christina, created no small alarm in the rival state of Denmark. Urged on by their very fears, and stimulated besides by the Dutch, who dreaded the ascendency of Sweden, the Danes took advantage of the Polish war, in which Charles had engaged, to declare hostilities against him. But that prince, who inherited the military promptness of his uncle, the great Gustavus Adolphus, marched instantly for Holstein, defeated the Danes in every engagement, overran the whole Jutland, and at the close of the year 1657 his army of fourteen thousand veteran troops, lay on the shore of the little Belt, divided from the Isle of Funen only by twenty miles of water. Here, at least, the Danes hoped for breathing time; the Swedish fleet could not put to sea until spring, and even then their own naval resources with the aid of a few ships from Holland, would be sufficient to baffle the enemy. But these expectations were wholly disappointed; a rigorous frost set in, of such unexampled severity, that the little belt was frozen over, and a bridge of ice spanned the hitherto impassible barrier. Charles immediately conceived the daring enterprise of marching his whole army over the ice, and waited impatiently for the hour when he might bid his legions "forward."

It was midnight when a council of war was sitting in an old fashioned chateau where the king had taken up his quarters. The room had a bare and barrack-like appearance, the furniture was scanty and rude, there were not even chairs enough for the whole party, one of the officers occupying a deal box, while another had taken up a precarious position on the summit of a pile of knapsacks. A table of pine boards, covered with maps, papers, and writing materials, stood in the centre, at one end of which sat Charles himself. He was at that time about thirty seven, but looked a year or two older; scarcely of middle height, square-shouldered, and compactly built, his whole frame denoted great strength and vigor; his face was broad, the eyes small and gray, his lips thin and well defined, and the general expression of his countenance was highly prepossessing from his frank, fearless air, and look of keen intelligence. He was dressed in a green uniform, faced with white, buff leather breeches, and jack boots; a three-cornered hat lay on the table. The short tails of his coat stuck out on each side, probably for convenience when on horseback, and his long straight sword was brought forward between his knees, both hands resting on the pommel. Marechal Banner, Generals Wrangle, Steinbock, Count. Tott, De la Gardie, and other veteran officers, sat round the table, all of them trained up to military skill in the terrible school of the thirty years' war.

Besides these military councillors, there were present the Cavalier Terlon, envoy of Louis XVI. and Count Uhlfeldt. The latter was a Danish noble, once high in rank, and first minister under Christian IV. whose natural daughter, the beautiful Leonora Christina, he had married. On the death of Christian, Uhlfeldt had intrigued with other nobles on behalf of his brother-in-law Waldemar, in opposition to Frederick, the present king of Denmark, besides insulting the queen and irritating the senators by his overweening pride. Some malpractices with respect to the coinage having diminished his popularity and being also called upon by the Senate to account for the revenues of his government, the proud count broke with the court altogether; and soon afterward, when charges little short of treason were brought against him, he and his wife took ship by night, and fled to Holland. He was then offered an asylum by Queen Christina of Sweden; her successor, Charles Gustavus continued it, and now after a seven years' exile, Corfitz Count Uhlfeldt was come to triumph in the ruin and humiliation of his native country. Tall, handsome and commanding, skilled in languages, endowed with great genius, and proud as the fallen Lucifer, he was one of those men whose course through life is sure to be distinguished by good or evil beyond the common measure.

An officer entered with despatches.

"'Tis well," said the king, his small eyes flashing with ardor, "the frost holds, and Arensdorff reports the ice firm as iron. Gentlemen, let us march."

"Sire," General Wrangel began, "is the risk well considered? A night march of fourteen thousand men, cavalry and artillery included, over twenty miles of ice,—a thaw, a sudden shift of wind, may sink the whole army, or at least shut us up in the Island of Funen until spring, and even then our release would depend on the chance of a naval victory. Is it prudent?"

He stopped; the king was listening to him with a fixed look and peculiar smile; Wrangel shook his head and sat down.

"It is well I know you," said Charles, nodding cordially to the general. "Risk! There is risk, but not more than success is worth. The enemy have no defence but this [illegible] of the Little Belt; once pass it, and Funen is ours."

"Yes, sire," added Count Uhlfeldt, "and from the shore of Funen, Zealand will be in sight; let the frost but hold, and Copenhagen falls."

"Ay," muttered Charles, with a glance of triumph, "Copenhagen—Copenhagen!"

The next instant he turned abruptly in his chair, slid his sword with a clatter, and threw a sidelong glance at the count. The king remembered he was a traitor.

Another officer with despatches. After a hasty perusal, Charles rose.

"All is favorable. Gentlemen, to your posts. Remember the general order—that the cavalry lead their horses, and march wide; see that the artillery do the same. Chevalier, you will accompany me." He bowed formally to the right and left, and walked straight out of the room, followed by Terlon.

Two hours after midnight the troops began their fearful night-march over a frozen sea. It was a clear starry night; the snow lay a foot deep, and threw a ghastly unnatural glare on the light uniforms and steel arms of the Swedes. As each company or squadron advanced upon the ice, the next marched down to the shore, halting for a few minutes to allow an interval between them; all was done with the cool discipline of veteran soldiers; no confusion, no noise, nothing but the word of command, the creak of artillery wheels, or the rattling of pikes and muskets, to announce the simultaneous movements of so many thousand men. When the last files had left the shore, the king stood watching their advance with great interest; the heavy crashing sound grew less and less distinct; the separate divisions seemed to gather into one solid mass, its size diminishing every instant, until his gallant army, viewed by that "dim treacherous twilight," had dwindled into a shadowy indistinguishable something, only to be traced by the dark tract it left upon the snow. The cold was so intense that wine [illegible] froze hard, and whenever the [illegible] breath of air swept over the dreary waste, even the hardy Swede shivered like an aguestruck girl.

"God help the poor soldier who quits his rank to-night!" exclaimed the Chevalier Terlon, wrapping his fur pelisse closer around him. The remark roused Charles from his reverie.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," he replied, "my Swedes will not quit their ranks; and if there be danger, at least we will share it with them. Come."

Sledges drawn by three horses abreast were in waiting; they entered, and bearing to the left, followed in the broad path beaten by the troops.

The trampling of so many men and horses had half melted the snow, and the sledges went splashing on through a half-liquid, half-solid consistency, like the chaos of the fiend; hollows in the ice, filled with water two feet deep, would set the horses aside, and make the slight vehicles waver to and fro, throwing the cold snow-water sheer over the shivering travellers; sudden blasts loaded with snowdrift and powdered ice made the drivers cringe, and forced their shaggy cattle to snort and shake their manes, and thrust their heads beneath each other's shoulder. As they neared the marching columns, one straggler only was seen, taking in a [illegible] with the stock of his musket.

"My [illegible], sire," he shouted, in reply to the king's impatient hail.

"Hold on to the sledge, comrade," said Charles, "and keep your rank, though you should have nothing to fight with but your teeth—hold on. Bravely done, La Gardie!" he called to the general in command of the infantry, who was marching in the rear on foot like a common soldier. There was a stir in the ranks as the [illegible] drove through; the word passed from mouth to mouth, and the men drew up their knapsacks and pushed on with redoubled vigor, but the Swedes are a silent race, and there was no cheer.

The sledges now spread abroad on all sides, keeping each a hundred yards from the other, for they had reached the mid-channel, and were in the very jaws of danger. Now and then fearful sounds rose, booming on the still night air, as if the ice had suddenly rent to an immeasurable distance. Rough jagged masses strewed the surface, and the dead gleam of winter, whitened over by light reflected from the level snow, darkened into a sombre scowl. The hoof-prints of the cavalry which led the van were not yet effaced, serving as a sort of guide, and the king and the chevaliers were following hard upon the track, when a shout close ahead startled them; the next instant a mounted trooper seized the reins, and wheeled the horses half round.

"How now, fellow?" said Charles, starting up.

"Ah, sire," cried the man, recognising his voice, "another step, and you were lost. Five of our troop went down here, and the captain posted me to warn the rear. The ice hereaway is rotten for two hundred yards and more."

A loud crash upon the left, a shriek, shouts for help, and a sound of desperate plunging, cut short the trooper's report; the king and the chevaliers leaped from the sledge, and made for the spot with all speed, but in vain; there was nothing to be seen except a chasm in the ice, and human beings who had fallen, though warm with life but a few minutes before, were already drifting dead and cold beneath the frozen covering of the sea.

"Mon brave," said Charles to the trooper "take these," throwing him a cloak and a flask; "keep good watch to-night, to-morrow you shall hear from me."

Once more the word was "forward," and sledge after sledge swept by, while the stout soldier, taking a long pull at the flask, and wrapping his cloak around him, tramped back and forward on his dreary post with the wakeful eye and measured tread of a sentinel.

At six o'clock the Danish fires were seen by the Finnish cavalry in the van; the king mounted his horse, the files closed up, and an officer was sent to the rear to hasten the advance of the infantry. In half an hour more the low outline of the shore was distinctly visible at the distance of half a league, and the enemy, opening a fire from three field pieces to break up the ice, the vanguard halted to await the advance of the centre columns. These, however, were still an hour's march in the rear, and the king's impatient temper, aggravated by the constant crashing of the ice in front, prompted him to change his plan of attack. An express was sent to Wrangel to push on with the cavalry of the right wing; Colonel Arensdorff, with part of the van, was ordered to manœuvre in his present position, so as to occupy the attention of the enemy, while Charles himself, with the remainder of the Finnish horse, made a detour upon the left. The movements of the troops in their front deceived the Danes; their fire redoubled, and by the greater elevation of their guns, the balls, instead of passing clear through the ice, shattered it far and wide in every direction. A squadron of forty men incautiously approaching within range, a shot fell right among them, the ice cracked to an immense distance with a noise like thunder, and men and horses, flung into the yawning gulf, struggled fiercely with each other, until the crowd of living things, kicked, trampled, or suffocated in a helpless, writhing mass, sank heavily down beneath the waters. A shout from the Danes followed, but the triumph was short; scouts from either flank brought intelligence of the landing of Swedes, and the Scottish officer in command, the veteran Major Henderson, immediately drew off his men, and fell back upon a farm-house and windmill, about half a mile in his rear. His troops consisting of a few companies of regular infantry and some armed peasants, on being surrounded by the Swedes, gave up their arms as prisoners of war.

Daylight, the gray, cheerless dawn of winter, rose on a strange scene. Groups of dismounted troopers had gathered round the smouldering fires, each with the bridle on his arm, while the jaded horses, stood behind, with drooping necks and dull eyes, as weary as the riders. The columns of infantry were just mounting the slope with slow but steady pace; the men, pale and haggard from cold and fatigue, marched or halted mechanically at the word of command; they neither spoke nor cheered, but as each company was dismissed, some made for the fires already burning, some tried to kindle others, while the greater part threw themselves down upon the ground overcome by an irresistible torpor. Far away, marking their advance, stretched a belt of sodden snow, its line of reddish brown contrasting powerfully with the white surface it traversed on either side. Small parties of men dragging a field-piece or a tumbrel, stragglers mounted or on foot, horses without riders, and broken sledges, were scattered over the waste, while here and there a dead soldier lay frozen as he slept in his passage through the ice-king's realms.

But what then? Let the dead lie stiff and stark upon the snow, or be tossed like drift-wood on the waves of the sea; the memory of their sufferings has long faded away, while the glorious passage of the ice, the renown of the conquering Swede, shall go down to remotest times. Hurra! Funen is won! Denmark has lost another limb; and the northern eagle stands, with outstretched neck and balanced wing, ready to make the last swoop on his noble prey!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Lines to M. M. F——On her Birth Day.

BY D. J. EDWARDS.

There's music in the Summer's wind; there's health upon the gale,
And painted with bright gorgeous flowers, is lea, and bower, and vale,
And each sweet songster of the grove pours out his vocal lay,
And all around is beautiful, on this thy natal day.
Then let the minstrel tune his harp and sweep its loudest strings—
[illegible]
And nature's self is bursting forth with rich and laughing glee;
And tho' I sing a simple song, that song shall be to thee.
May every blessing wait on thee while journeying to thy rest;
May you while in this "vale of tears" with happiness be blest,
Banished for ever from your mind be sorrow, care and strife,
And may thy path be strewn with flowers of every hue through life.
And when fond memory oft recalls sweet visions of the past;
May thoughts of each succeeding year be happier than the last.
And may unnumbered joys be thine as days and years increase.
And may the evening of thy life be full of love and peace.
May length of days be thine dear friend, while you remain on earth;
Beloved by those who know thy kindness goodness, truth and worth,
And when about to close your eyes in death's last final sleep,
[illegible]

Philadelphia, July 1840.

Wallace and the Pirate.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

During the brief career of the celebrated Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have taken a voyage to France with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence (for he was respected through all the countries for his prowess) might do to induce the French monarch to send a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel, and sailed for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm. The captain of the ship informed him that the tall ship which was bearing down, for the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies.

It was commanded by a gentleman of the name of Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who call themselves friends to the sea and enemies to all who sail upon that element. He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the ancient Norse sea kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the barque that he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board at the head of his fellows.

Wallace smiled sternly while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance and fear in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to De Longueville, because he usually displayed the blood red flag, which he had now hoisted.

"I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

Then calling together some ten or twelve of his followers, Boyd, Kerlie, Seton, and others, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was as the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves, and lie flat on the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, except such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel, and he gave the master instructions, upon pain of death, so to steer as that, while the vessel had the appearance of attempting to fly, he should in fact permit the rover to come up with them and do his worst. Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which could intimate any purpose of resistance. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran on board that of the Champion, and the Red Rover casting out grapling irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armor, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if the victory had been already secured. But the armed Scots started up at once, and the Rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure when they were only opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began between them with such fury, that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to confer their issue of the strife to the fate of the combat between the two chiefs. The pirate fought as well as a man could do. But Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the Rover's hand, and placing him in such peril, that to avoid being out done, he was fain to close with the Scottish champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the grapple. In this he was also foiled. They fell on the deck locked in each other's arms, but the Frenchman fell undermost; and Wallace, fixing his grasp on his gorget, compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs. His men threw down their arms when they saw their leader so severely handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel, and detained them as prisoners.

When he came in sight of the French harbor, Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the Rover's colors, as if De Longueville was coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung backward, horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms when the scene changed. The Scottish Lion on his shield of gold was raise above the piratical flag, and announced that the Champion of Scotland was approaching, with his prey in his clutch. He landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where, at Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven him, and the King even conferred the honor of knighthood on Sir Thomas de Longueville, and offered to take him into his service. But the rover had contracted such a friendship for his victor, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, with whom he returned to Scotland, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was remarked as interior to that of none save his heroic conqueror. His fate also was more fortunate than that of his patron.

Being distinguished by his beauty, as well as by the strength of his person, he rendered himself so acceptable to a young lady, heiress to the ancient family of the Charteris, that she chose him for a husband, bestowing on him with her hand the domains annexed to it. Their descendants took the name of Charteris as connecting themselves with their maternal ancestors, the ancient proprietors of the property, though the name of Thomas de Longueville was equally honoured among them; and the large two handed sword with which he mowed the ranks of war is still preserved among the family monuments. Another account is that the family name of De Longueville was Charteris. The estate afterward passed to a family of Blairs, and is now the property of Lord Grey.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Cheerfulness.

It is a truth with which all are familiar, that through the journey of life,—trials, difficulties and disappointments, are almost our daily companions. The rich and poor, the young and old, the good and bad, the learned and ignorant, the man of leisure and of business, all have their own trials and difficulties, and to none is disappointment a stranger.

Is it not, then, worthy our consideration to find out the best way to bear up under such afflictions? Whether we should become morose, sullen, and discontented, or give up in despair, and retire to some secluded spot to spend our time in fretting and pining, over that which we cannot avoid, or in any way prevent; or would it not be preferable to notice those with whom we associate, to see who among them bears the trials of life most easy, and what peculiarity of disposition they possess, that enables them so to do.

If noticed, we hesitate not to say, that it will be seen that they are those, *and those only* who possess *cheerfulness* of disposition,—for find them under ever so adverse circumstances yet they are cheerful and pleasant, which not only produces happiness but joy, peace, and contentment.

Some appear to enjoy it when in company, or under some pleasing circumstances; while at home, or in trouble, they are quite of the contrary disposition, but such is not worthy the name of cheerfulness, for when in its enjoyment, no matter how severe the trial,—how bitter the affliction, or how [illegible] the disappointment, yet it always proves a source of un[illegible] pleasure.

If then it is cheerfulness, that will lighten our sorrows and smooth our way through life, is it not worth possessing? Ought we not to cultivate it?

But while *it is* within the reach of all, many, very many will never realise its enjoyments; for they who expect to attain it while their affections are placed on things of time and sense,—while their enjoyments are derived alone from earthly amusements,—and while their desires and [illegible] prospects reach not beyond the tomb; all such who hope for it, will find their anticipation leans only on the baseless fabric of a vision;—for as yet, nothing sensual, nothing earthly, has been discovered that can cheer, or satisfy the mind oppressed by many sorrows.

That cheerfulness, that is enduring, is founded on, and has its origin alone from religion,—for what has the Christian to fear? or what should cause him to pine and grieve? although he will *have* to "pass through many, very many, severe, and bitter afflictions, and trials, yet they are only blessings in disguise! and he is sure, his Heavenly Father knoweth what is best for him, and He will deliver him out of every temptation, and

difficulty ;—for in the eloquent language of another, " Though none be issued from their centre, and planets be hurled to ruin ; though work be piled on world, and dread disorder reign ; though the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat ; yet let him not forget that there is one Being, who, unchanged himself, beholds the changes of the universe with a perfect command of all its powers, and that Being is ' Our Father who is in Heaven.' " In them, or can there then be, in time, or space ,—on earth, or any where, any thing to cause the cheerfulness to be disturbed, or to hinder for a moment to become dull,—for soon, very soon, will be rest forever in peace ; and then will his cheerfulness never cease, neither be disturbed, or all trials, difficulties, and disappointments will have ceased, and that forever. W. R. S.

Philadelphia.

The Father—an Instructive Sketch.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverence of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been in our country, it is important that young females should possess some employment by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When the families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how painful and contemptible it is to see the mother despondent or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home ; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave that large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools." Yesterday I was a rich man. To day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and feeling hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices ;" it is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor! We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, barely four years old ; " I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which but each within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene, clothed him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He felt his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold; and she who so long had been the mistress of the mansion, died on taxes.

"Pay every debt," said she ; "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market.

He viewed with delight and astonishment, the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been to affluence, and the efficiency which her daughters soon acquired under her training.

The oldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and she assisted the younger children. Besides, they executed various works which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the neat fruit that conveyed the vegetables ; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a beehive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many time we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees.

"Yes," replied father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on.

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed. Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The oldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress in the family.

The little dwelling which had always been kept neat, they seemed able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch, in a summer evening, than he had been in his drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he—"shall we return to the city ?"

"Oh ! no, no !" was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, " where we have found health and contentment."

"Father, said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again ; for then," she added, " we shall never more shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or me, that ! Now we all live together, and suter, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. When you were all angry when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not be a rich man any more."

The Maid of Athens.

The deepest charm of which Lydia, with all its beauties, can boast, is the presence of one, pecularly known to the reader as the " Maid of Athens." She resides in a little cottage, on the borders of the village, with everything around her sweetly partaking of the romance sprinkling through her history. In her person she is slightly formed, hardly reaching the medium stature, and yet possessing all the graces of a rich symmetry. A very small foot and hand give a lightness to her attitudes and motions ; while a deep blue eye reveals softness over the expressive and delicately flat-oriented features of her face. Her dress is simple and native, betraying no vanity or exaggeration, if you except the care with which the glossy fullness of her dark hair is made to entwine the beautiful tresses into a turban. The bridal flowers that once adorned those locks, have often been removed from the blossoming gifts of the year. The bloom and vivacity which once glowed in her cheeks, and gave a child-like sprightliness to her manner, though still, at times, half surprising and intrigued, have yielded to a paler aspect, and a more subdued air. Her countenance, which appears to reveal the undisguised flow of her feelings, has a mingled expression of confidence, tenderness and sorrow. You would think, from their look, that some portion of her life had been rent asunder ; that some hope fondly cherished, had been broken ; or that some sensory had clung to the whole heart pointing to one that had now passed beyond the reach of her sympathy, and the perception of grief. Yet there is a tone of cheerfulness in her conversation—a playfulness in her fancy, that leads you at times, half to doubt if there be any permanent weight upon the delicate wings of her spirit. In speaking, she becomes instantly animated ; her eye dilates, her countenance lightens up, her voice, without losing any of its sweetness, becomes more natural ; every look and tone is full of soul, when suddenly, as if some thought, to which you are a stranger, had swept through her breast, she appears to struggle between a torrent of emotions wholly new, and those to which she had partially given utterance. And yet the blushing delicacy with which she escapes from this momentary embarrassment touches you more than the most eloquent tutored period.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—The Hon S. H. Anderson, member of Congress from Kentucky, died at his residence in Garrard county on the 11th

Saturday Evening Post.

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To Subscribers.

To the many thousand subscribers, who during the past year, have given us evidence of their good will, by a willing and prompt remittance in advance, we tender our thanks, and shall every session to give them the worth of their money.

Subscribers in arrears, who are now receiving their bills, will oblige us with a prompt remittance. We could so pursue a rigid system with those who are willful delinquents after notice,—but list of paying subscribers, we do not wish in the least to diminish, but those who are willing to read the paper, without the wish to pay for the enjoyment, deserve neither grace nor favor, but a fair exposure. We know that much is unavoidable to forgetfulness, and all who fairly give such us excuse, are pardonable. To those who plead the want of the Mail, we say, give it to the next Post Master to be at once forwarded to us, and we will incur the risk and loss if any occurs.

Politics.

The excitement upon the subject of politics, has rarely, in this country, equalled that now raging in our midst. The public mind seems occupied with nothing else. Every day seems pregnant with some section of county, all conditions of men appear to be alike infected with the mania of President-making. To believe the assertions of politicians we are in a state such as people everywhere before experienced. Both parties contend that the salvation of the country depends upon their success, and that the defeat of their candidate will be only the forerunner of universal ruin.

It was a prophecy long since made by one of the early fathers of this great republic, that everything in this country would ultimately hinge on the election of a President, and he foreboded a train of the most serious disasters for the future. " Dear father," said the children, " do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

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The little dwelling which had always been kept neat, they seemed able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch, in a summer evening, than he had been in his drawing-room.

" We are now thriving and prosperous," said he—" shall we return to the city ?"

" Oh ! no, no !" was the unanimous reply.

" Let us remain," said the wife, " where we have found health and contentment."

" Father, said the youngest, " all we children hope you are not going to be rich again ; for then," she added, " we shall never more shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or me, that ! Now we all live together, and suter, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. When you were all angry when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not be a rich man any more."

The Maid of Athens.

The deepest charm of which Lydia, with all its beauties, can boast, is the presence of one, pecularly known to the reader as the " Maid of Athens." She resides in a little cottage, on the borders of the village, with everything around her sweetly partaking of the romance sprinkling through her history. In her person she is slightly formed, hardly reaching the medium stature, and yet possessing all the graces of a rich symmetry. A very small foot and hand give a lightness to her attitudes and motions ; while a deep blue eye reveals softness over the expressive and delicately flat-oriented features of her face. Her dress is simple and native, betraying no vanity or exaggeration, if you except the care with which the glossy fullness of her dark hair is made to entwine the beautiful tresses into a turban. The bridal flowers that once adorned those locks, have often been removed from the blossoming gifts of the year. The bloom and vivacity which once glowed in her cheeks, and gave a child-like sprightliness to her manner, though still, at times, half surprising and intrigued, have yielded to a paler aspect, and a more subdued air. Her countenance, which appears to reveal the undisguised flow of her feelings, has a mingled expression of confidence, tenderness and sorrow. You would think, from their look, that some portion of her life had been rent asunder ; that some hope fondly cherished, had been broken ; or that some sensory had clung to the whole heart pointing to one that had now passed beyond the reach of her sympathy, and the perception of grief. Yet there is a tone of cheerfulness in her conversation—a playfulness in her fancy, that leads you at times, half to doubt if there be any permanent weight upon the delicate wings of her spirit. In speaking, she becomes instantly animated ; her eye dilates, her countenance lightens up, her voice, without losing any of its sweetness, becomes more natural ; every look and tone is full of soul, when suddenly, as if some thought, to which you are a stranger, had swept through her breast, she appears to struggle between a torrent of emotions wholly new, and those to which she had partially given utterance. And yet the blushing delicacy with which she escapes from this momentary embarrassment touches you more than the most eloquent tutored period.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—The Hon S. H. Anderson, member of Congress from Kentucky, died at his residence in Garrard county on the 11th

Dreadful Indian Massacre.

The following horrible account of savage ferocity, is copied from the Charleston Courier of August 27th.

Again it becomes our unpleasantly duty to record the cold blooded butchery of men, women and children, by the sanguinary Seminoles. Again have the treacherous savages lashed their tomahawks and scalping knives hilt deep in human blood, horrible torture and destroying property, which they set on fire indiscriminately to retire in security to their fastnesses. Again have they left their mark on the defenceless settlements of Florida, wherever a favorable opportunity had offered for their intelligence of this new barbarous occurrence was brought to this port, by Capt. Curtis, of the Sch. Victorian, arrived at Quarantine yesterday, from Key West. He states that a wrecking vessel arrived at Key West, the evening before the 24th from the Reef with a package of letters, containing the deposition and statement of the survivors, who stated that a number of Indians in their canoes, arrived before Key, on the night of the 5th inst. and after murdering part of the inhabitants, and filling the others into their houses, burnt the whole settlement, consisting of about 20 houses dwellings and stores. The Indians remained until noon on the following day, when they left for the main. The survivors were concealed during this time under a wharf, and left immediately after the Indians departed for Key West. The survivors had left their homes in consequence of the general alarm of Ghuil Seed, two weeks before. Indian Key, on the morning of the 7th, who reported that a number of Indians had been discovered there immediately after the moon had gone down ; they were fired upon, but no number was known to have had murdered all of its inhabitants, and burnt their houses. The wrecking sloop Versilla, and started for the scene of destruction, and found the place as they had proceeded near the shore, when they encountered the

POST.

WHOLE No. 997.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

W. J. Hopper, Esq. is our agent for Centreville, [illegible] for the Saturday Evening Post, and the Philadelphia [illegible], and we cordially recommend him to subscribers or those wishing to become subscribers at that place.

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.—A large quantity of counterfeit fives of the Bank of Kentucky were put in circulation in Wheeling Va. a few days since. The bank has a variety of plates of that denomination, and the one counterfeited has a vignette of a horse. They are letter B various dates, signed G. C. Gwathmey cashier, and W. H. Pope, president. The engraving is most defective in the circles in which the figures 5 are situated, and the wreath round the figure is but partly formed.

Counterfeit Notes.—The following is a description of the counterfeit notes on the Lafayette Bank at [illegible]. There are no genuine notes like them. The counterfeit has for a device at the top, a view of the Ocean and an Eagle resting upon a shell, bearing the American Standard, with a steamboat in the distance. The vignette on the end is a cupid astride of a [illegible]—and at the bottom between the signatures a ship under sail. The filling up is written in a smooth hand, and the signatures, although not imitations, are well written.

Political Intelligence.

Elections to Come.—The next election to be held will be that of Vermont which takes place on the 1st of September, when a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and members of Congress and of the State Legislature will be chosen. The various candidates are already in nomination.—After Vermont comes Maine on the 14th September, when the same stations, except Lt. Governor, are to be filled.—Then comes Georgia, on the 5th of October, Maryland on the 7th, South Carolina on the 12th, and Pennsylvania on the 13th.—The election for President takes place first in Pennsylvania, on the 30th of October, and in all the other States in November, terminating on the 19th of the month, in North Carolina and Tennessee.

Election Returns.

North Carolina.—By the complete returns from North Carolina, it is clear that the Whigs have triumphed most signally. The returns give Morehead (whig,) 43,7[illegible], Saunders, (dem.) 35,[illegible]; whig majority, 8,[illegible]. In 1836, the majority was 4,[illegible]. The Legislature stands 1[illegible] whigs, [illegible] democrats. Whig majority 3[illegible]. In [illegible] the majority was 14.

Alabama.—Full returns of the members elected to the Legislature of Alabama have been received, by which it appears that the Democrats have 20 in the Senate, and 54 in the House. The Whigs 13 in Senate and 47 in the house. Democratic majority 14. Last year the Democrats had 23 in Senate, 67 in House. Whigs 10 in Senate and 24 in House. Difference this year in favor of Whigs 34. The popular vote in the State has not yet been taken.

Maine.—The nominations in Maine for Congress are the following:—Democrats, Nathan Clifford,* Albert Smith,* Joseph Sewell, John Hubbard, N. S. Littlefield, Alfred Marshall, Joshua A. Lowell,* Hannibal Hamlin.—Whigs, Daniel Goodenow, [illegible]

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

Sales by Auction.

BY J. L. DOOLITTLE, [illegible]

[illegible]

[...]self, and long indeed the few last miles had been. Here all was tumult and confusion; the streets were filled with throngs of people—many strangers there, it seemed, by the looks they cast about, the church-bells rang out their noisy peals, and flags streamed from windows and house-tops. In the large inn-yards, waiters flitted to and fro and ran against each other, horses clattered on the uneven stones, carriage-steps fell rattling down, and sickening smells from many dinners came in a heavy lukewarm breath upon the scene. In the smaller public-houses, fiddles with all their might and main were squeaking out the tune of staggering feet; drunken men, oblivious of the burden of their song, joined in a senseless howl, which drowned the twinkling of the feeble bell, and made them savage for their drink; vagabond groups assembled round the doors to see the stroller woman dance, and add their uproar to the shrill flageolet and deafening drum.

Through this delirious scene, the child, frightened and repelled by all she saw, led on her bewildered charge, clinging close to her conductor, and trembling lest in the press she should be separated from him and left to find her way alone. Quickening their steps to get clear of all the roar and riot, they at length passed through the town and made for the race-course, which was upon an open heath, situated on an eminence a full mile distant from its farthest bounds.

Although there were many people here, none of the best favored or best clad, busily erecting tents and driving stakes into the ground, and hurrying to and fro with dusty feet and many a grumbled oath—although there were tired children cradled on heaps of straw between the wheels of carts, crying themselves to sleep—and poor lean horses and donkeys just turned loose, grazing among the men and women, and pots and kettles, and half-lighted fires, and ends of candles flaring and wasting in the air—for all this, the child felt it an escape from the town, and drew her breath more freely. After a scanty supper, the purchase of which reduced her little stock so low, that she had only a few halfpence with which to buy a breakfast on the morrow, she and the old man lay down to rest in the corner of a tent, and slept, despite the busy preparations that were going on around them all night long.

And now they had come to the time when they must beg their bread. Soon after sunrise in the morning she stole out from the tent, and rambling into some fields at a short distance, plucked a few wild roses and such humble flowers, purposing to make them into little nosegays and offer them to the ladies in the carriages when the company arrived. Her thoughts were not idle while she was thus employed; when she returned and was seated beside the old man in one corner of the tent, tying her flowers together, while the two men lay dozing in another corner, she plucked him by the sleeve, and slightly glancing towards them, said in a low voice,

"Grandfather, don't look at those I talk of, and don't seem as if I spoke of anything but what I am about. What was that you told me before we left the old house? That if they knew what we were going to do, they would say that you were mad, and part us?"

The old man turned to her with an aspect of wild terror; but she checked him by a look, and bidding him hold some flowers while she tied them up, and so bringing her lips closer to his ear, said,

"I know that was what you told me. You needn't speak, dear. I recollect it very well. It was not likely that I should forget it. Grandfather, these men suspect that we have secretly left our friends, and mean to carry us before some gentleman and have us taken care of and sent back. If you let your hand tremble so, we can never get away from them, but if you're only quiet now, we shall do so, easily."

"How?" muttered the old man. "Dear Nelly, how? They will shut me up in a stone room, dark and cold, chain me up to the wall, Nell—flog me with whips, and never let me see thee more!"

"You're trembling again," said the child. "Keep close to me all day. Never mind them, don't look at them, but me. I shall find a time when we can steal away. When I do, mind you come with me, and do not stop or speak a word. Hush! That's all."

"Halloa! what are you up to, my dear?" said Mr. Codlin, raising his head, and yawning. Then observing that his companion was fast [...]

[illegible]

published. For although he may be ranked as the prominent Historian of Europe, he has written, not for a particular class, but for people in general. In fine, his History is equally suited for the Student, the Merchant, the Farmer, the Mechanic, and the Professional Man.

The work will be published in four volumes, octavo,—and contain between sixteen and seventeen hundred pages. It will be printed on paper of the best quality, and bound elegantly and substantially in muslin.

The work will be ready for delivery in November, of this year.

In order to bring this History within the reach of all classes of readers, the publisher has been induced to afford it at the extremely low price of seven dollars ($7.00) per copy, payable on delivery.

Whoever collects eight subscribers receives one copy gratis.

Gentlemen who wish to act as agents for this work in the Middle, Western and Southern States, can learn the conditions by addressing a letter to us, post paid.

C. F. STOLLMEYER.

Philadelphia, June, 1840. Letter box 897.

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PREMIUM TEETH.—The subscriber has received from the American Institute, of New York, and from the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, at their last Exhibitions, the HIGHEST PREMIUMS for the BEST MINERAL INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

CERTIFICATES from gentlemen of the highest standing in the profession, attesting their superiority, may be seen at his office, No. [illegible] Vine street, Philadelphia.

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SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY. South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article [illegible]

[illegible]

Original Poetry.

"Father," —for in the eloquent language of —— father," —"Though none be issued from their centres, and planets be hurled to ruin; though worlds be pulled on world, and dread disorder reign: though the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat; yet let not fear fret there is one Being, who, unchanged himself, beholds the changes of the universe with a perfect command of all its powers, and that Being is 'Our Father who is in Heaven.'" In there, or can there then be, in time, or space —oh earth, or any where, any thing to cause for cheerfulness to be disturbed, or his hope for a moment to become dull,—for soon, very soon, will he rest forever in peace; and then will his cheerfulness never cease, neither be disturbed, be all trials, difficulties, and disappointments will have ceased, and that forever. W. R. S.

Philadelphia.

The Father—an Instructive Sketch.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to contain the rever ence of former, and sometimes sudden as they have been to our country, it is important that young females should possess some employment by which they may obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When the families are unexpectedly rendered from affluence to poverty, how painful and contemptible it is to see the mother despending or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man. To day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices; "only if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father or eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, lately four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the sense, curse him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He felt his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold; and she who so long had been the mistress of the mansion, shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market.

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"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and see how such elder a great deal better here. You call us your little bees.

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on.

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All the little dawning which had always been kept neat, they seemed able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch, in a summer evening, than he had been in his downy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said the father, "though we have not a foot of land, nor a dollar in money. We have all that we need, and more than we deserve."

Master Humphrey's Clock,

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

They were now in the open country; the houses were very few, and scattered so long in case, often miles apart. Occasionally they came to upon a cluster of poor cottages, some with a chair or low board put across the open door to keep up the screaming children from the road, others stood up close while all the family were working in the fields. These were often the most wretched of the little village and after an interval came a wheelwright's shed, or perhaps blacksmith's forge; then a thriving farm, with rows of ricks lying about the yard, and horses putting over the low wall and scampering away when harnessed horses passed upon the road, as though in triumph at their freedom. There were dull pigs, too, turning up the ground in search of dainty food, and grunting their monotonous grumblings as they prowled about, or stood each other up their rest; plump geese waddling round the pool or strutting on the eaves; and ducks and geese, far more graceful in their conceit, quacking unwearyingly about the edge of the pond or waiting gladly on the surface. The farm-yard gained, then came the little inn; the boundary line being with the village tradesman's then the lawyer's and the parson's at wicket-gated names the beer-shop trembled: the church then stood out resolutely from a clump of trees; then there were a few more cottages; then the turnpike and pound, and not unfrequently, on a bank by a wet ditch, a deep well with a dripping pump and the iron-fenced fields on either hand, and the open roads again.

They walked all day, and slept that night at a small village where there were but few houses. Next morning they were stood again, and though jaded at first, soon very tired, recovered before long and proceeded briskly forward.

They often stopped to rest, but only for a short space at a time, and shall kept on, having had but slight refreshment since the morning. It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, when, coming near another cluster of laborer's huts, the child looked wistfully in each, doubtful of means to ask for permission to rest awhile, and buy a draught of milk.

It was not easy to venture, for she was tired and fearful of being repulsed. Here was a crying child, and there a crazy wife. In this, two people seemed too poor; in that, too many. At length she stopped at one where the family were seated round a table—chiefly because there was an old man sitting in a cushioned chair beside the hearth, and she timed he was a grandfather and would feel for here.

There were besides, the cottager and his wife, and three young sturdy children, women as her age. The recipient was no sooner preferred, than granted. The eldest boy ran to fetch some milk, the second dragged two stools toward the door, and the youngest crept to his mother's gown, and looked at the strangers from beneath his sunburnt hand.

"God save you, master," said the old cottager, in a thin piping voice, "are you travelling far?"

"Yes, sir, a long way,"—replied the child; for her grandfather appealed to her.

"From London?" enquired the old man.

The child said yes.

Ah! he had been in London many a time—used to go there often, once, with wagons. It was high time, and thirty years since he had been there last, and he did hear say there were great changes. Like enough! He had changed, himself, since then. Twenty-thirty what was a long time, and eighty-four a great age, though there was some he had known that had lived to very hard upon a hundred—and not so hearty as he, neither—no, nothing like it.

"Sit thee down, master, in the elbow-chair," said the old man, knocking his stick upon the brick floor, and trying to do so, sharply. "Take a pinch out o' that box; I don't take much myself, for it comes dear, but I find it waken me up sometimes, and yet they say it's bad for me. I should have a son pretty nigh as old as you if he'd lived, but they lasted him for a neiger—he come back from sea, though, for all that and he's poor leg. He always said he'd be buried near the sun-dial he used to climb upon when he was a child, and so he will be, I hope. Ah! it's true—you can see the place with your own eyes—we're kept the turf up, ever since."

"Ah!" cried the old man, shaking his head in her with watery eyes, said she mustn't be afraid that he was going to talk about that any more. He didn't wish to trouble nobody, if he his troubled anybody by what he said, he asked pardon, that was all.

The milk arrived, and the child producing her little basket was about setting out her provisions for her grandfather, they made a hearty meal. The furniture of the room was very homely, of course —for a cottage—and the walls, a corner only excepted with their little stock of crockery and delf, a gaudy tea-tray, representing a lady in bright red with a parasol in green, and a few coloured prints of scripture subjects in frames upon the wall and chimney, an old dwarf clothes-press and an eight-day clock, with a fine bright sonorous tone, a kettle, completed the whole. But every thing was clean and neat, and as the child glanced round, she felt a tranquil air of comfort and content to which she had long been unaccustomed.

"How far is it to any town or village?" she asked the old man.

"A matter of good five mile, my dear," was the reply, "but you're not going on to-night."

"Yes, sir, we must," said the child timidly, urging her toe by signs. "Farther on, farther on, darling, farther away if we walk till mid-night."

"There's a good barn hard by, master," said he man, "at there's travellers' lodgings, I know, it the Flow an' Harrer. Except me, but you seem a little tired, and unless you're very anxious to get on—"

"Yes, you, we are," returned the old man fretfully. "Farther away, dear Nell, pray farther away."

"We must go on, indeed," said the child, talking to his father, as well. "You'll find you very much, but we cannot stop so soon. I'm quite ready, grandfather."

"Then the woman last observed, from the young wanderer's gait, that one of her little feet was tattered and sore, and being a woman and a mother too, she would not suffer her to go till she had washed the place and bound it up. A simple task, which she did so carefully and with such kindness, that the child could scarcely refrain from tears as she raised and hard thought it very hard indeed that such gentle people should live a long way off, and could not be friends at once.

Nell, however, had